Northern Messenger

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A Message to Green Valley

By Gordon Philip England

For the Messenger

GREEN VALLEY had on her winter clothes. In summer carpeted with luxuriant grass and a profusion of flowers, the area was now covered with snow. Snow that had heaped high in huge drifts around the two cabins in the valley.

Encircling the valley was an almost unbroken ring of mountains. Lofty mountains thrusting snow-clad peaks several thousand feet towards a ceiling of clouds. Only at two points was this mountain ring broken. At the north a gap showed, where an old logging road led to a big lumber camp eighteen miles away, and on the southern side of the circle another but more narrow gap cut through the rock barrier. This latter one was known as The Pass.

Once over The Pass, one must travel ten miles to reach Stalwart, the nearest town. From this place—an overgrown village of fifteen hundred inhabitants—supplies were carted in to the valley.

In summer the Camerons and Macnaughtons—the only two families in Green Valley—worked industriously on their small but productive farms. In winter, however, they went through the northern pass to the lumber camp where John Cameron bossed a gang of lumberjacks while Rob Macnaughton acted as timekeeper. During the men's absence the women and the older children carried on efficiently, taking care of the stock and keeping everything in good order.

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THIS winter, however, was different from preceding ones. Only John Cameron was at the lumber camp; Robert Macnaughton was thousands of miles away. Far across the water a great war was raging, and Macnaughton, a former captain during the other war, had rejoined the ranks of the fighting men. He was now with his anti-tank unit somewhere in England. His friend Cameron would have been there, too, had not certain physical defects prevented his acceptance for military service.

Behind in Green Valley remained Mary Macnaughton with her three children, Dan, Janet and Jimmy—and Edith Cameron with her brood of four. Of the seven youngsters, Elsie Cameron, nineteen, and Dan Macnaughton, two years younger, were the oldest. Next in age line were fifteen-year-old Janet, Ronnie Cameron, just turned fourteen, Dermont and Nancy, the twelve-year-old twins—and last but not least, Jimmy Macnaughton, who was only seven.

Usually, in spite of the rigors of the hard Canadian winter, the two households kept cheerful and happy. But on a chiselly morning in mid-February their expressions were worried. This was on account of Jimmy. Commonly the life of the valley, he had been very ill with a heavy cold and near-pneumonia, and even now, after the racking cough had gone, he remained pale and listless. No amount of jollying seemed sufficient to rouse him from his mood of depression, and all were becoming alarmed and anxious.

"How's Jimmy today?" Elsie asked Dan, as she met him coming along a path running between the two houses. "Any better?"

Dan shook his head.

"Not a bit." The boy's dark eyes were troubled. "He just lies there on his little cot, taking no interest in anything. Although he doesn't talk much about him, I know he is lonesome for Father. You know that we only get mail here once a week in winter as a rule, and letters from overseas are sometimes delayed. It will be two weeks tomorrow since we heard from Dad."

* * *

THEN Dan's face brightened. His voice grew more cheerful: "But I know a secret, Elsie—something that may help a lot. Last night I overheard

Come Back to God!

By JOHN OXENHAM.

See now, my brothers,
One and all we met the Call
With hearts unbreakable,
And bore the brunt
Of woes unspeakable.
But—on in front —
Just on in front—
Lie depths of horror and distress,
Foul pits of utter ugliness,
Of misery and wretchedness,
Beyond the power of man to express,
Unless! . . .
. . . Unless!

One only way there is by which this load
Of coming ill may yet be turned to good,
One—only—way—
COME BACK TO GOD!

No laws, no cleverness, no statesmanship
Of man can save the world and with new life equip;
One Power alone—COME BACK TO GOD
AND HIS ALLEGIANCE OWN!

Cast out the evils that our souls debased!
Cleanse out Life's temple! Sweep it clean and chaste!
Let His fair image be no more defaced!
COME BACK TO GOD!

God is not mocked . . .
Yet have we spurned and scorned and flouted Him,
Yea, we have sorely grieved and doubted Him;
And that way lies sure death.
COME BACK TO GOD!

COME BACK TO GOD!
The only road by which the coming ill
May yet be turned to good—
COME BACK TO GOD!
COME BACK TO GOD!

—C. E. N.

your mother and mine talking about it when they htought I was asleep. They hadn't told us, because they didn't want to get up our hopes too much, but this is it. You know every Monday night there's a broadcast from our troops in England. And you know, too, that on Monday Jimmy will be eight. Well, it seems that some of the officers and men in Father's unit are scheduled to take part in that next broadcast, and of course, if he speaks, Dad will give a birthday message to Jimmy. That might cheer the poor little kid up wonderfully."

Elsie's blue eyes sparkled.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "Why, that would be grand, Dan. And reception is usually good here,—there are no electrical gadgets to make hums and buzzes,—so your father's voice should sound clear and natural. What a lovely surprise for Jimmy!"

Then she glanced at Dan anxiously.

"Your radio is in good shape, isn't it?" she added. "The batteries are all right?"

Dan nodded reassuringly.

"Oh, yes," he replied. "Those batteries were guaranteed for 900 hours—and we haven't used up more than half that radio time yet."

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THAT night there was a heavy fall of snow. By morning the white floor of the valley was more than a foot higher than on the evening before. The snow had heaped high in The Pass, too. After such a blizzard, contact with the world outside would be still more difficult, and the mail might be even later than usual. But the homes in the valley were well-stocked with food and other necessary supplies, so no one worried much.

Before noon the storm was over, and old Sol beamed out again.

That was on Saturday. The remainder of the day and Sunday passed uneventfully. Monday morning dawned bright and sunny.

But—on that morning—the day which was so important — something unlooked-for happened.

Dan had turned on the radio to get the war news. The voice of the announcer was coming through very distinctly, when, suddenly, it cut off abruptly. For a moment Dan did not understand, then he realized the alarming truth. A tube had burned out!

With a cry of dismay, Dan leaped to the instrument. Hastily, he examined it. When he finished his inspection, his face was sober.

"Whew!" he whistled. "Of all the rotten luck! If it had been one of the other tubes I could have replaced it—but I haven't a spare one for that. Of course, it had to be that one!"

At that moment Elsie came in. She stopped short at sight of Dan's face.

"Dan!" she cried. "Something's wrong! What is it?"

Dan smiled ruefully.

"Something's wrong, all right," he agreed glumly. Briefly, he explained. "And now," he finished, "it looks as if Jimmy won't get that birthday gift from England, after all."

Elsie nodded gravely. Yes, it did look that way. Dan's was the only radio in the valley. But, suddenly, the boy's face brightened. "Wait!" he exclaimed. "I have an idea. Maybe I can buy a tube in Stalwart!"

That was an idea. A dealer in town sometimes kept those tubes on hand. He might have some now.

But Elsie looked doubtful.

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"YES, but Dan, the snow is deep through The Pass and you're not very good on snowshoes. And that broadcast is tonight. It's nearly twenty-one miles from here to Stalwart and back. You never could make it in time."

Dan laughed confidently.

"You forget my skis, Elsie. I'm a first rate skier, if I do say so myself. That broadcast doesn't start until nine o'clock — almost twelve hours from now. If I couldn't make it long before that I'd feel ashamed."

Elsie still looked only half-convinced.

"You ought not to go alone," she declared. "Suppose you fell and broke a leg, or something?"

"Shucks," laughed Dan, "don't be a silly. I shan't fall and break a leg or anything of the sort. As if I'd be so stupid, with so much at stake. Oh no, I'll be all right."

He told his mother his plans. Like Elsie, she had misgivings. But, on the other hand, she had a good deal of faith in Dan. Although a boy in years, in size and strength he was almost a man—and had a clear-thinking brain, too. So, in the end, she reluctantly consented to his making the trip.

"Good," said Dan in relief. "Well, before I go, I'll just climb up into the hayloft and pitch down a little more hay for the stock tonight, in case I am late getting back. Janet can grain the cows this noon, and can get Dermont to help with the milking, if I'm not here."

* * *

BUT it was Dan's unlucky morning. He had climbed the ladder into the hayloft literally thousands of times without trouble, and why an accident should have happened just now was more than he could understand. But, somehow or other, in his hurry he slipped and took a bad tumble. When he tried to pick himself up, his left foot buckled under him. He had given the ankle a bad wrench.

A few minutes later he came limping towards the house, his face white with pain. Janet ran to meet him.

"What's the matter, Dan?" she cried anxiously. "You're hurt!"

Dan managed a grin.

"Don't be scared, Sis, I'm all right. I just had a little accident, that's all."

When Elsie heard what had happened, she hurried over. She found Dan's mother bathing his swollen foot. He grinned ruefully.

"Guess you were right, after all," he said. "I didn't break a leg, but this is 'most as bad. It finishes our chance of getting the radio fixed in time for the broadcast."

There was a purposeful look in Elsie's eyes.

"Oh, no, it doesn't," she declared resolutely. "Of course we'll have it fixed in time. Since you can't go, I will."

Dan looked surprised.

"You?" he exclaimed incredulously. "Why, you can't, Elsie! You said yourself that one shouldn't go alone. You said—"

But Elsie checked him with a gesture.

"Never mind what I said! I've changed my mind. Of course you were right; it's not very dangerous. And I'm as good a skier as you, Dan. Only, you'd better lend me your own skis; they're better than mine."

* * *

AGAIN, arguments proved useless. So, in the end, it was Elsie, not Dan, who set out on the long hike to Stalwart. Outfitted in air force blue ski pants and a green-and-brown zipper-fastened ski jacket topped by a white hood from which strands of red-gold hair peeped tantalizingly, she made a lovely picture as she stood ready to make her start. Over her shoulders she had slung a light haversack, the better to protect the tube in case of a fall, and in her hands were strong but light tonkin cane ski-poles. She had on warmly lined ski boots, too, and the heel spring harnesses of Dan's seven-foot hickory skis assured maximum efficiency.

Skimming across the valley, Elsie started up through the Pass.

The climb was steep, and occasionally she slipped back a little, but she knew all the tricks of hill climbing, so managed to make fairly good progress. After half an hour she stood triumphant far up at the top of the Pass. She waved a ski-pole towards the watchers below, then turned and sped on.

After emerging from the gap, she found herself at the top of a long mountain slope. It would be a downhill run of a mile and a half, with a long level stretch beyond.

The wind had swept the crust bare in places, so the downhill run was very fast. Once Elsie's skis crossed and she

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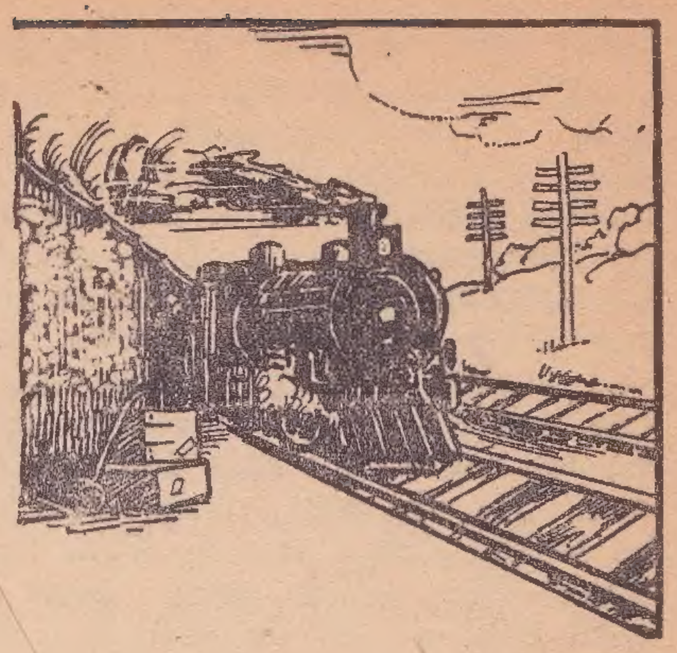
Behind the Counter

By N. M. GEORGE

For the Messenger



IMPORTANT PEOPLE

EZRA SYTHE, General Storekeeper in Topville, a small coastal town. **MRS. SYTHE**, Ezra's wife.
ROBERT DOUCE, a determined young fellow whose plan to work his way through college and become a minister leads him to take the job of clerk in Ezra's store.
TOM JONES, CALVIN BATES, JIM RICKSON and others, fisher lads with whom Robert becomes acquainted. They decide to start a boy's club.

SOME weeks had passed since the One-Cent Sale that made such a sensation in Topville. School had begun and the school teacher, Miss Rose Barnes, had arrived. Rose was bright and lively, and a real Christian; and it was very encouraging to Robert to have some one take an interest in the work he was trying so hard to get started successfully.

Rose had already visited the T.P.C. and offered to help the boys in any way she could. English was decided on and she promised to give them instruction every week on that subject. Robert also had some help in his translation of Latin. He always kept his books near at hand and studied in every spare minute. Rose also happened to be a good singer and many sing-songs were planned for the winter's enjoyment.

The Sunday School was now well under way with Robert and Rose as teachers. The T.P.C. boys gave funds to buy Sunday School papers. Mrs. Douce sent all the papers left each Sunday from her class so they were well supplied with literature. Ezra suggested a Bible class but no one seemed to want to teach. Robert suggested that each member take turns in teaching. This pleased everyone and soon quite a few of the older people were also enjoying it.

Business was unusually good this Fall. New goods for Fall and Winter were attracting attention. People who had always sent to the mail-order houses were coming to look over Ezra's stock before they ordered and in many cases the order was never sent. Robert did his best to give the best service and was so obliging that he became a general favorite with all the customers. Many people came in from nearby villages and Robert made them want to return.

Tom had to come in now whenever business was extra brisk to help with the clerking. Tom was taking a course in bookkeeping from a correspondence school and Robert was helping him all he could with it. The Summer had made a great change in Tom Jones. From a rough, noisy lad, swearing, chewing tobacco and swaggering around in dirty, ill-kept clothes, he was now a mannerly, clean, tidy boy, a good citizen in the making.

Robert was glad, too, he could write home to his mother and tell her of the progress he was making in his ministry.

That morning another encouraging thing happened to him. While coming from an errand he passed the hotel and who should come out but Mr. Barker, the banker from his home town. Robert was so delighted to see him. Mr. Barker was a leader of boys' work in the town he had just left, and Robert was not long in telling him all about the T.P.C.

Mr. Barker was delighted and promised Robert to send him a box of reading matter. "I have two or three years' issues of several magazines, as well as some books I will send by express, too," he said heartily. Robert thanked him, his heart full of gratitude for this kindly intent.

Buried Treasure

OCTOBER came with its crisp autumn days, high wind from the sea and long cool evenings that brought a bunch of the old cronies in Ezra's store to sit around and chew tobacco, much to the disgust of Robert, who prided himself on the cleanliness of the store.

Robert was a busy boy now. Social activities were humming in Topville, and no matter what went on, Robert seemed to be needed.

The fisher folk blessed the day he suggested the emergency hospital. It had happened quite simply the day Mrs. Stewart, the minister's wife had told Robert about Bessie Simms' nursing. Bessie had taken her nursing course and had then been called home to keep house for her widowed father.

"One patient won't keep a girl like Bessie Simms busy," laughed Robert, "Why doesn't she open an emergency hospital in that big house of theirs? Or she could teach the Young People 'first aid.'"

The idea had appealed to Mrs. Stewart and she had gone seriously to work. Before long a sort of clinic and first-aid hospital had grown up in the big Simms house.

Many a fisherman had his hands dressed and bandaged when the cruel hooks caught them instead of fish. Many a cut from the axe or knife was properly cared for, and people began to lose their faith in salt pork and kerosene, or a stocking tied around their throat to cure quinsy. Bessie Simms was earning a fair living and caring for her father, too. Miss Barnes had a sewing and knitting class for the younger girls, and Mrs. Stewart started a ladies' aid for the community which would help bring in funds for their church.

* * *

THE men did not seem to have much to do, and Robert often felt rather sorry for them. All they seemed interested in was chewing tobacco and telling ghost yarns. Many and varied were the tales told.

One evening the Topville story-telling squad which met nightly at Ezra's store tried to outdo itself.

"Down round Coon Cove P'int," said Ben Johnson, "Last Saturday night, I saw a light. It come round Bull's Head and went straight towards Coon Cove; never saw a boat nor nawthin'."

"'Pears to me," said another old salt, "that 'ere ghost comes rather often, specially in the Fall," and he winked at Robert knowingly.

"Ghost or no ghost," answered Ben, "Jim Denton tole me that when he fished off Coon P'int a man comed right up to his hut, knocked at the door, and then comed right in without it being opened and set by the stove. Jim tole me he could not budge out of his bunk, but somehow he batted his eyes, and when he looked again the man had no head. Jim said he was sure he was sane and sober, and there he set and set, and Jim tried to speak to him but his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. Jim must have batted his eyes

again and suddenly he was gone."

"Aw, that's nawthin'," said another artist. "Joe Pascal tole me he was down to Coon Cove P'int one year mackerel fishin', and so he was sitting on the beach, seeing if he could see the light on his outside nets, and so he saw three lights comin'. Joe looked, and looked, the lights come on, and one was red and two was green, and so, Joe rubbed his eyes and saw three men. He was going to speak to them; he looked sharp, and so, what do you think?—the green lights were men with hats on and on each hat was a green light like a ship's lantern, but the middle man had no head, only a red light, so that is the story; if a lie from me, it's a lie to me."

"I've heard a sight more than that. I heard that they heard a boat row up Coon Cove, heard the oars rattling in the rowlocks, heard the oars being shipped, heard the boat grate on the beach, and nobody or nawthin' was seen, not even a ripple on the water. Now what was that? Tell me and I'll tell you. Often too. How many's a time that same noise is heard and look how that ship is heard. I've heard them say they could hear the reef p'ints rattling like in a heavy gale, but who has seen the ship? So tell me that?"

* * *

"WHO has heard or seen these things?" asked Robert.

"Well, there's plenty that has, boy," said Ben Johnson. "I have heard queer things many's a time myself, haven't you, Jack?"

"Yes, too much for my own good," said Jack Bates slowly.

"I don't believe the half of it," said Ezra; "I have my ideas, too."

"You can have them, ole man," said Ben, "but sure as I am a foot high there is money buried at Coon Cove Pi'nt, and every seven years it burns. I know where the ole hole is and Bill Evans and Jabez Kilsen tried to dig it. They did try, I can tell you, but what did they get? A good scare, that's what they got; and what some of the rest will get if they bother around that ole money hole. I would not go to Coon Cove P'int for a hundred million dollars. No siree!"

Robert could see from behind the counter, as he sold a can of beans, a pound of tea or ten cents' worth of kerosene, that Ben was all excited trying to impress them that Coon Cove Point was dangerous ground. But Ezra changed the subject and they talked of days gone by when the porpoise ran ashore up the harbor or the year the shad were so plentiful. All the men were glad to talk of something more pleasant.

After a while the men departed and Ezra and Robert closed the store. As they busied themselves with this task Ezra asked Robert what he thought of the ghost stories. Robert told him just what he did think, and that was that some men, probably Ben Johnson and Jack Bates among them, were smuggling in contraband goods.

* * *

EZRA then told Robert all about the time the Mounties had caught them before; they had the stuff hid in the fish house, very carefully covered with nets and rope. A squabble had taken place but in the end they were taken and had to serve time in the county jail. Ezra also expresssed his regret at such things happening to them as they each had a nice wife and family. Robert told Ezra all about Calvin Bates, what a clever boy he was and how much he was doing in the club. They decided right there to do something to keep the fathers from bootlegging and lawbreaking.

"Should we inform the Mounties after we found out all the facts; where they hide it, and so on?" asked Robert.

Ezra shook his head. "Won't do much good, boy, only send them up again; one pill of that should be a dose, but they don't seem to mind that. Somehow it don't seem to be such a disgrace any more, to go to jail. In my day a jail bird was something to be kept clear of."

"I think," said Robert, "we ought to be friendly to anyone and everyone; we might help them through our friendship rather than indifference."

"I'd like to do something for Cal Bates's father; Cal is such a fine boy and tries so hard to make a mark in life," continued Robert.

"Well, you've certainly done your part," said Ezra, "but don't worry; all's well that ends well, and it's a long lane that has no turning. Well, good night, Robert; it's getting late and I think I'll turn in. I feel tired so often lately, I guess I'm beginning to get old."

Robert went to bed, but not to sleep. He kept thinking about the ghost yarns and the smuggling stories; the two seemed closely related. He arose and went to his dormer window as he had so often in the past few months. To look out into the night across the water seemed to clear his thoughts. He seemed to see things with that same clear vision that his mother had. He had just received a large parcel from her of Hallowe'en supplies. He had not yet opened them, but he knew just what a lot of fun the boys were going to have from that parcel.

As he sat there looking out over the ocean, noises came to him,—the swish, swish, of a train in the distance and the hoo-hoots when she came to the crossing.

His attention suddenly was arrested by the fog "groaner" as it sent forth a weird noise. A mist hung over the bay. Then he saw the Ghost. Yes,—there it was, "comin' roun' Coon Cove Pi'nt," as Ben Johnson had said just a short time before.

Robert suddenly wondered if he could make the distance in time to catch the landing. If he had a boat he could make it easily; but they would hear and see him and could easily avoid him. It was no more than a mile by water, but at least five by the road. He could run, but not swiftly enough to be on time.

A thought struck him: why not use Calvin's bicycle? He had left it at the club rooms for Robert to put in some new spokes. He had finished it that afternoon and it was now ready to use. No sooner thought than done. He dressed quickly, took the bicycle out of the shed and was soon spinning over the road towards Coon Cove Point.

(To Be Continued.)

The Bugler

SOME years ago an American Methodist journal told how during the Spanish-American War some transports with supplies for General Shafter's army found it impossible to secure anchorage off the coast of Cuba, and were compelled to steam slowly to and fro.

This made it difficult to land the horses and mules, and it was finally decided to push them overboard and allow them to swim ashore.

The sea was soon black with animals. Some instinctively swam towards the shore—others swam in circles in the water; still others, more frightened than the rest, started out to sea. It was a distressing situation, about which nobody on the ships seemed able to do anything.

At last they saw a soldier ashore hastily making his way towards a rocky promontory, and, looking at him through their glasses, they were able to recognize from his stripes that he was a bugler. When at last he reached his bourn he placed the bugle to his lips and blew one after another of the calls the army horses and mules had learned to know so well.

The sound travelled far out to sea, and was heard by every bewildered, struggling creature, each of whom turned and began to swim towards the place from whence the calls were coming. And there on his rock the bugler stood and sounded his calls until his lips were blue, nor did he cease until every confused and trembling animal was safe ashore.

"And that," commented the writer, "is about the way it is with God's call. He needs someone to sound it.

"Do you serve crabs here?"

Waiter: "Yes, sir. We serve anybody. What can I do for you?"

MESSAGE TO GREEN VALLEY

(Continued from Page 2.)

swayed dangerously, but she managed to straighten them out again and to keep her balance. The wind whipping her face and eyes, she hurtled on down the slope towards the level.

There were some trees in the way, although fortunately the forest there was thin. There was space enough for a skilled skier, and Elsie had not boasted vainly when she had said that she was one. Several times on that downhill glide she narrowly missed menacing tree-trunks, but always she succeeded in clearing such dangerous obstacles. At length her speed slackened, and coming out on the level she slid to a standstill.

Elsie drew a deep breath. She glanced back.

"My," she thought, "that *was* a run! Wonder how I ever made it. Well, now for Stalwart!"

The rest of the trip to town proved uneventful. In good time Elsie reached the radio dealer's. She kicked off her skis outside the store, and entered.

Mr. Buckle, the radio man, glanced up as she came in. His eyes registered surprise.

"Why, Miss Cameron," he exclaimed, where ever did you spring from? Isn't Green Valley all snowed in? You never came all that way on skis?"

Elsie laughed softly.

"Of course I did," she answered. "You don't suppose I mind a little hike like that, do you?" Then she explained her errand.

Mr. Buckle looked regretful.

"I'm sorry, Miss Cameron," he said slowly. "I wish I had known this sooner. But now—I'm afraid it's too late. I sold the last of those tubes half an hour ago."

* * *

ELSIE gasped. Her heart sank.

"No? You didn't? Oh. Mr. Buckle what simply awful luck! Whom did you sell it to?"

"Sorry," repeated Mr. Buckle, and he did sound very sorry. "I sold it to Ned Cross, a trapper that lives four miles out, on the other side of town."

Elsie nodded.

"Oh, I know him," she said. "He's been over to the valley once or twice. A tall, sandy-haired chap?"

"Yes, that's the man, all right," agreed Buckle. "Well, it's too bad, Miss Cameron, but there's nothing I can do about it. The best I can do is to order another tube for you. But it won't get here for several days."

"And that will be too late," replied Elsie, dully.

She was almost crying with vexation and disappointment when she left the store.

"Bother Ned Cross!" she thought bitterly. "Oh-h, bother him!"

Of course, it wasn't really Ned's fault, yet he was the cause of Elsie's distress—even though innocently.

Suddenly, on an impulse, Elsie made a resolve.

"Why didn't I think of that before?" she asked herself. "Ned Cross seemed like a nice fellow. If he knew why I wanted that tube, I believe he'd sell it to me. I'm almost sure he would."

She rushed back into the store.

"Which way did he go?" she demanded. "Ned Cross, I mean!"

The trapper had gone towards home, Buckle replied. He had been on snowshoes. He must be some distance away by this time.

Waiting to hear no more, Elsie dashed out and put on her skis again. People looked on in surprise and admiration as she went speeding up the street.

Once clear of the town, she found it easy to follow the well-defined snowshoe trail. But, as the radio dealer had feared, Ned Cross had a long start. He was an expert snowshoer, too, and it was not until she had gone nearly two miles that, from the bottom of a hill, Elsie caught sight of his tall figure silhouetted upon its crest. Almost instantly he disappeared.

Elsie called loudly, but Cross did not reappear. But now, with the quarry so near, Elsie felt sure she could catch up. Determinedly, she began to climb.

At length, reaching the top of the hill, she gazed down the opposite slope. Far below, out on the level, she spied the trapper.

* * *

ELSIE set herself for the long glide. Like the wind she sped down. She was almost upon the unsuspecting young man before he heard her. Whirling about, he uttered a cry of amazement as the flying figure swept by.

Elsie came to a stop a few yards away. Ned's amazement grew as he recognized her.

"Why, Elsie Cameron! What's the meaning of this? Were you following me?"

"I certainly was," Elsie's voice was a little breathless. "Listen, Mr. Cross, you'll think I've a lot of nerve—but never mind. I need that radio tube you bought at Buckle's. Will you sell it to me?"

Ned Cross looked still more astonished. But a glance at Elsie's face showed she was in earnest.

"That tube?" he repeated. "Why do you want it, Elsie?"

Quickly, Elsie explained. As she finished, Cross reached a hand into a deep muff pocket of his leather windbreaker.

"Of course you can have it," he agreed, heartily. "I wouldn't dream of keeping it, under the circumstances. . . . No, no, keep your money, Elsie. I like that kid, Jimmy, and we'll just call this a little birthday present for him. But say, can you make it back in time? You've come several miles out of your way, you know."

"Yes, I know," answered Elsie, "but I can make a short cut past the town. There's time enough, I guess, but I must hurry."

She added warm words of thanks for the young trapper's kindness, then, stowing away the tube safely inside her little knapsack, she started off. Ned watched admiringly as she headed up the hill.

"There's a girl for you!" he exclaimed. "One in a million. I only wish she . . . . But," he smiled wryly, "I guess a certain young fellow in the Navy would have something to say about that!"

* * *

LEAVING the trapper behind, Elsie hastened on. Good skier though she was, she knew that the necessary detour taken in order to secure the tube had turned her far off from her original trail. Even by making the

(Please turn to Page 9.)

Under an Umbrella

Now and then by chance, we gain
Joyance out of ills that irk us;
Someone met me in the rain,
Not mile from Ludgate Circus;
No umbrella, when we met,
Kept me sheltered from the wet,
So (what blessings chance confers!)
Someone lent me half of hers.

Darkly o'er us frowned the sky,
All a sunless gulf abysmal;
Round about us, far and nigh,
Gloomed the rainy streets and dismal;
From the sleek umbrella's tips
Ran the rain in drops and drips;
Underneath, as all could see,
Someone deigned to walk with me.

Those who could not shelter thus
Dodged the rain in three or four ways—
Called a cab, or caught a bus—
Many, niched in open doorways,
Watched the clanting lines descend,
Watched, and wished the shower would end;
Under someone's magic bower,
She I and forgot the shower.

Till, as Charing Cross we neared,
Someone, sudden wonder feigning,
Neath the damp umbrella peered,
Blushed, and laughed, "It isn't raining!"
Then I started with a sigh,
"Do not shut it yet," said I;
"Let us, if the rain is done,
Keep it open for the sun!"

—St. John Adcock quoted in the C. N.

Finding Life

By E. STANLEY JONES

THE athlete, who puts himself under a stricter and stricter regimen of training and denies himself what others feel free to indulge in, finds physical life and freedom, for he enters by a narrow door. The student who burns midnight oil, gathers up spare moments and denies himself many things, finds himself free at last, at home with the ages—he has found intellectual life by a narrow door. The musician who goes through years of self-denying practice, setting up higher and higher standards, is at last free and at home in the land of harmony and can make us feel the throb of martial music or make us sit pensively by the seaside, or hear the roar of the storm. He has found this freedom by a narrow door into musical life.

But if I should say, "I do not believe in all these laws of harmony—I believe in being free, and shall strike any notes on the piano I like," I would find at the end that the life of harmony would not open to me. I should be trying to enter by the broad way.

There is only one way to life and that is through a narrow gate.—From "Christ at the Round Table" by E. Stanley Jones.

God's Giving

IF we ask things that are not good for us He will not give them.

"If a child sees a loaf-shaped stone or a coiled-up serpent and wants it . . . would the father give it? 'No', said the people. Well, our Lord says, God in the same way will keep from you foolish or bad things that you in your foolishness think good." (Paterson Smyth)

"O lead us not into the power of sin; or of transgression, or of iniquity, or of temptation, or of scorn; let not the evil inclination have sway over us; keep us from a bad man and a bad companion."—Jewish Prayer.

During the Great World War, Captain Sir Victor Horsley, M.D., F.R.S., said: "We are engaged in a war of huge proportions, and we are actually allowing another army (intoxicating drinks) to hang on our flanks, snipe our soldiers, destroy our strength, take our food, and rob us of our resources."

"Zion"

"God is in the midst of her, she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early."

If we could only give ourselves half-an-hour's serious reflection at the close of every day, we should preach to ourselves seven of the best sermons that could be uttered every week.—Kant.

The Call

A cry comes over our mountains,
And floats upon the breeze,
From far-off northern Canada,
And from our Arctic seas,
Those lands afar and icebound,
Where Christian ne'er hath trod,
And weary hearts are sighing,
For Thee, the Great, Grand God.
"O hear our call, good Christian,
And in our sore distress
Reveal to us the Saviour,
Who longs to love and bless
And then with hearts uplifted
Our grateful voice we'll raise,
To Father, Son, and Spirit,
Our joyful song of praise."

—K. S. Mills in the Church Messenger.

If everyone lived their lives according to the pattern of the Gospel, this war would never have happened and earth would be a paradise.—Dr. Martin Lloyd Jones.

Regret calamities if you can thereby help the sufferer; if not attend your own work and a ready evil begins to be repaired.—Emerson.

What though the path be all unknown?
What though the way be drear?
Its shades I travel not alone
When steps of Thine are near.

—Selected.

"Once to every man and nation
comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth with falsehood
for the good or evil side."

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun. : He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich He hath sent empty away.—Luke 1:53.

Mon. : Thou sayest, I am rich and increased with goods and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked. I counsel thee to buy of Me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich. As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten: be zealous therefore and repent.—Rev. 3:17-19.

Tue. : Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.—Matt. 5:6.

Wed. : Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread?—Isa. 55:2.

Thu. : I am the bread of Life.—John 6:35.

Fri. : The Lord is not slack concerning His promise.—2 Pet. 3:9.

Sat. : The wages of sin is death. But the gift of God is eternal life.—Rom. 6:23.

The Bread of Life

"WHETHER he knows it or not, man is hungry, and that hunger can only be satisfied by heavenly food," writes the Rev. John A. Patten, Literary Superintendent of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The Bible Society supplies to multitudes of men and women of many races and languages the Bread of Life.

Since its foundation in 1804 the Society has sent out nearly 500 million volumes to all parts of the world. For ten years or so the Society has been able to report an annual circulation of more than ten million volumes of Scripture, but the unsettled condition of the world has made the work increasingly difficult during the past twelve months. — London Christian World.

CHIANG KAI-SHEK and his minister of Foreign Affairs have affirmed China's unchanging foreign policy whatever the fluctuations of the international situation. China is ready to fight alone, relying upon her own strength.

Christianity is a rock of strength to China.

AND the Lord said unto Moses, Wherefore criest thou unto me? Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward.—Ex. 15:15."

Marching Orders

As I was with Moses so I will be with thee. I will not fail thee nor forsake thee. . . only be thou strong and very courageous, that thou mayest do according to all the law . . . turn not from it to the right hand or to the left, that thou mayest prosper whithersoever thou goest.—Joshua 1:5-7.

"Love"

"NOW abideth faith, hope, Love, these three; but the greatest of these is Love."

* * *

"The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us."

Transfigured

A BRAVE old lady lived in a noisy street near a chemical factory which belched forth noisome odors.

There was nothing remarkable about Amelia Briggs save that, in spite of dire poverty and unlovely surroundings, she was very patient and brave. (Perhaps remarkable enough!)

Opposite her, on the grey walls of a house, was a bit of glass, and when the Sun shone it became diamond bright. The old lady loved to look at it.

"That's Amelia Briggs," she would say, "when God shines on me!"

Young People's Bible Reading

Forgiveness and Gratitude

by BEREAN

For Sunday
FEB. 16, 1941.
Luke 17:1-4, 11-19.

OUR Lord had much to say about "offences", that is, about "causes of stumbling." The Greek word is that from which our word "scandal" is derived. "It comes from a word meaning the trigger of a trap, so that literally it signifies being ensnared or entrapped. Thus it comes to mean being tripped up, and so checked and hindered." (Adeney)

He says in our verses today, "It is impossible but that occasions of stumbling should come: but woe unto him through whom they come!"

It is impossible in this imperfect world to remove all hindrances, snares and temptations. This does not, however, remove or lessen the guilt of those who cause them.

It were well for one such "if a millstone had been hanged around his neck and that he had been thrown into the sea" before he should "cause one of these little ones to stumble."

On another occasion our Lord used these words when He was speaking of children (St. Matt. 18:2-6; St. Mark 9:36, 37) Here He uses the term 'little ones' as an affectionate designation of His followers, "especially such as were beginners and easily led astray. Perhaps the converted publicans and sinners of 15:1, 2 are specially meant." (Dummelow)

Or it may here have special reference to the poor and destitute like Lazarus in the parable. Many such poor people are "caused to stumble" by the callousness of those who "live merrily and in splendor" like the "certain rich man."

"Take Heed"

"TAKE heed to yourselves. — There was no punctuation when the Gospels were written. These words may "point back and clinch the warning already given," or they may, as in our Bibles, emphasize the warning of the following verses. Many have been "caused to stumble" by the unforgiving, uncharitable spirit of others.

If thy brother sin against thee.—The words "against thee" are omitted in the R.V. The following verse seems to indicate that they are understood. See St. Matt. 18:15. There is a fine old Mosaic law: "Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thine heart: thou shalt in any wise rebuke thy neighbor, and not suffer sin upon him." (Lev. 19:17)

The purpose of "rebuking" is to remove the barrier which the sin has placed between your brother and God and between your brother and yourslef. Any "rebuking" must be done in love and not in any self-righteous and grudging spirit. Paul speaks of showing mercy "with cheerfulness", "with hilarity." (Rom. 12:8)

If he repent.—"Forgiveness is not much good to him if he is not sorry; but the *forgiving spirit* must be in your heart. First make sure whether you may be in any degree to blame yourself. If so go to him and say: 'I'm afraid I began this—I'm sorry.' Any generous boy or girl would respond to that at once, and confess his own wrong; and so you would have done him good, and kept him from sin and pleased the Lord. In any case, you are to feel sorry for him if you are sure that he is in the wrong, and not penitent. And if you can do anything to bring him right, do it." (Paterson Smyth)

George MacDonald says that by refusing to forgive "we, as far as we can, quench the relations of life between us. We shut out God, the Life, the One."

Remember that malice and vengeance and brooding over wrong are forbidden. St. Paul's advice is good, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath." (Eph. 4:26) Especially before we go to rest each night we should see that we are "in charity with all men."

Forgiveness Without Limit

SEVEN times.—The Jewish number for completeness. The rabbis generally said that three offences should be pardoned. Peter with his usual literalness thought that his Master was laying down another "law." For it was perhaps a little while after this that he asked whether he had understood our Lord rightly.

The Lord said, "Not until seven times but until seventy times seven." (St. Matt. 18:21, 22) meaning that forgiveness was to be unlimited.

"Forgiveness free of evil done,
And love to all men, 'neath the sun."
(Kipling)

Increase our faith.—The disciples may have felt that they would need much faith to meet this demand.

Our Lord shows how even a little faith can do great things. There is a Mr. Little-faith in "The Pilgrim's Progress." By exercising the "little faith" he had he overcame many difficulties.

Who is there of you.—Here is a little parable taken from every-day Eastern life. "Our Lord having exhorted His disciples to good works, now proceeds to rebuke the vain-glory which so often accompanies them." (Euthymius)

"When you have freely forgiven your brother you will be tempted to congratulate yourself on your holiness and goodness. Really you have merely done your simple duty."

Don't worry about the details of the parable. The very thing that seldom

(Please turn to Page 8.)

Forgiveness can never be indifference.

* * *

Forgiveness is love toward the unlovely.

* * *

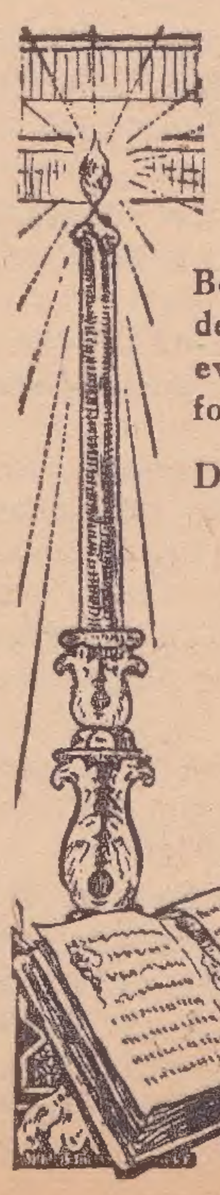
God loves when He cannot yet forgive—where forgiveness in the full sense, is as yet, simply impossible: because that which lies between us has not begun to yield to the besom of His holy destruction.—George MacDonald.

* * *

Many favors which God giveth us ravel out for want of hemming, through our own unthankfulness; for though prayer purchaseth blessings, giving praise doth keep the quiet possession of them.—Thomas Fuller (1608-61)

* * *

Seek, as a plain duty, to cultivate a buoyant, joyous sense of the crowded kindnesses of God in your daily life.—Alexander Maclaren.



Memory Verse

Be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving each other, even as God also in Christ forgave you. —Eph. 4:32.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

Mon.—Luke 17:1-4
Tue.—Matt. 18:21, 22.
Wed.—Luke 23:33-38
Thu.—Luke 17:11-19
Fri.—Eph. 5:18-21
Sat.—Matt. 11:25-27
Sun.—Psalm 117:1, 2

"SUNSET"

A SKY washed with a lavish spray of rose! From the crest of the hill I saw the flaming sun bid the sleepy town good-night. The wondrous tints mounted up and up into the peaceful air. A few feathery clouds sped by on the wings of the wind. "White and gold and amethyst" they journeyed onward like ships in a vast and boundless ocean.

Now a group of gulls with gleaming plumage flew, as it seemed, right into the sunset, and disappeared. I wished that I might accompany them but realized that I was only a mortal. I thought of Tennyson's 'Ulysses', and wondered if that great hero ever reached the sunset and "the baths of all the western stars".

The sun descended, the deep blush faded. Near the horizon, however, the quiet sky was crossed by bars of crimson and gold. Shreds of gossamer cloud kissed the sun good-bye as he departed.

In the east, twilight began her stealthy, almost imperceptible approach with her cortege of stars. Lights began to twinkle in the darkening streets below. From my vantage point I noticed shadowy figures hurrying home to their warm firesides.

I lifted my eyes again to the pure, clean arch above me. The sun had gone, leaving in his wake a ripple of misty gold and sapphire lights across the purple sky. Twilight spread her cloak over the scene, and the world became filled with a rich velvety darkness. The friendly stars winked and blinked at me like so many priceless jewels. The arch seemed to bend low and the stars come very near. It seemed that had I stretched out my arm I could have touched the sky with my finger-tips.

Reluctantly drawing my eyes away, I slowly descended to the gloomy streets. Only a sunset sky and a twilight hour but I was refreshed, at peace with the world, and ready to take up life's burdens again with a courageous and strengthened heart.—Violet Head.

FORGIVENESS

(Continued from Page 7.)

or never happens among men (vv. 7-9) our Lord promises in another of his parables to do for His disciples. (12:37)

THE TEN LEPERS

ON the way to Jerusalem.—We frequently find this or similar phrases in St. Luke 9:51—19:28. Luke treats the Perean mission and the incidents immediately preceding and following as stages in this journey.

Through the midst of.—Rather in the border country between the two provinces. This incident probably occurred early in the journey (9:51-56) The Evangelists did not worry about the chronological order of their facts. The facts were the important thing.

As he entered.—"As he was going in or about to enter."

Lepers . . . afar off.—Leprosy was counted the worst of diseases. Its contagious character excluded its victims from all social intercourse. A leper was to go with his clothes rent, his head bare (literally, dishevelled), and a covering upon his upper lip; and he was to cry "Unclean, unclean!" (Lev. 13:45) These poor unfortunates often herded together for the sake of mutual help and companionship.

In old days a leper was an outcast. There are leper hospitals now in connection with many Christian missions. Leprosy is curable if taken in time.

Jesus, Master.—The poor lepers had in some way heard of our Lord as a Healer. Here was their opportunity!

Master.—"Not the word commonly used, which means 'Teacher,' but a word pointing to authority, as in the master of a house." (Adeney) Have mercy.—"Have pity and heal us!"

Go and show yourselves.—"In accordance with the law. (Lev. 13.) The priest was the sanitary officer, and his certificate was necessary to establish the cure. Jesus would not dispense with this obviously useful regulation." (Adeney)

Any priest in any town would serve. They were all qualified "health officers."

As they went.—The ten must have had great faith. The Lord had cured others with a touch or a word. These set out before they were healed. Then as they went over the hills the rush of returning life came and they knew that they were cleansed of their terrible disease.

"HE WAS A SAMARITAN"

ONE of them.—"The praise of God was heard at a distance; when the man was close to Jesus he prostrated himself to give thanks to his Healer also. This double thanksgiving stands almost alone of its kind in the Gospel history." (Adeney)

A Samaritan.—The Samaritans were a mixed race descended from intermarriage between Israelites and colonists "planted" by the Assyrians (2 Kings 17:24) and other conquerors. They were counted heretics by the Jews and there was always bitter feeling between the two races.

Where are the nine?—How ungrateful these nine were! We all too often forget to thank God, and to thank our friends, for the good things that come to us.

This stranger.—This "foreigner." It is often in the most unexpected quarters that one finds gratitude.

Thy faith hath made thee whole.—(Or 'saved thee') "Not only has it healed thy body, but also thy soul. It was otherwise with the other nine lepers. Their ingratitude imperilled their continuance in that state of salvation in which their faith had placed them." (Dummelow)

Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren) has a little sermon on "Gratitude." He tells of the heroic incident in 1 Sam. 31:11-13 where the brave men of Jabesh-Gilead rescued the bodies of Saul and his sons from the wall of Beth-shan. Almost forty years before Saul had saved their city (1 Sam. 11) They did not forget. Dr. Watson says that if people in those rough old days remembered injuries fiercely, they remembered kindnesses nobly. He wonders if we in these days have as deep a sense of gratitude.

There are some things we should remember and others that we should forget.

Paul writes to the Ephesians of the great impelling force of Christian forgiveness "Be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving each other, even as God also in Christ forgave you." (R.V.)

Christianity is much more than rules of conduct, however excellent. It is as we remember how much God loves us that our love and forgiveness will go out to others.

It is as we think of men and women as brothers and sisters for whom Christ died that our Christian love will overleap all barriers. This is the spirit that will yet win the world back to God.

QUESTIONS

1. What is meant by an "offence"?
2. What did our Lord say about causing others to stumble?
3. What did He say about forgiveness?
4. What did He mean by this?
5. Who met him outside a village?
6. What did they ask?
7. Why did He say, "Show yourselves to the priest"?
8. How many turned back to thank our Lord?
9. What is said of the grateful man?
10. What does St. Paul say about forgiveness? Quote if possible from R. V.

MESSAGE TO GREEN VALLEY

(Continued from Page 5.)

short-cut she had mentioned she would have lost much precious time before getting back to her old track. With three long hills to climb between there and Green Valley, she might not reach there before dark.

Well, with snow on the ground, it should be light enough to find her way. She had no fear of the dark, and then, too, as a precaution she had remembered to slip a small pocket flashlight into a pocket of her ski jacket before starting out, so she was not troubled on that account. Her only worry was that she might arrive too late for the broadcast.

Sometimes, of course, there was a late re-broadcast of that "With the Troops" program, but not all stations carried it, and at times reception was scrambled or poor from those that did. The original broadcast would be heard from a comparatively nearby station, so, if conditions over the Atlantic were at all favorable, the message should come through distinctly. Only—she must get there in time!

So, pushing herself along vigorously with her ski-poles, Elsie circled back to the main trail. She chafed at the extra delay caused by the hill climbing, but her expertness in that branch of the skiing art stood her in good stead now, so that she surmounted those obstacles in amazingly fast time. Once back on her old track leading to Green Valley she moved on across country at top speed, gliding swiftly along the level stretches and shooting the slopes at cannon-ball speed. Yet, despite her best efforts, she was still several miles from The Pass when night closed in.

* * *

WELL, she had anticipated that, and, as she had hoped, the way was sufficiently lighted because of the snow. Soon, too, the moon would be rising to aid her in finding her path. Under such circumstances, she need not fear.

Yes, but now a new, grave danger threatened. When Elsie had started out, the weather had been rather cold, but during the last hour it had turned milder. Snow was in the air. Already a few lazy flakes were floating down.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Elsie in near dismay. "If it really snows hard I'll be in a jam. In a blizzard I'd surely lose myself."

With that fear now haunting her, she redoubled her efforts. Now, she seemed fairly to fly along the trail.

As she was keeping in the single track that she had made on the way out, she was able to travel more rapidly than had she been breaking a new trail. There was a slight depth of powdery dry snow with a base of fairly strong crust, the latter firm enough to hold up anyone equipped with skis or snowshoes.

Elsie glanced at her luminous dialled wrist-watch. She gave a startled cry. The hands pointed to five o'clock. It was surely much later. She held the watch to her ear, but heard no reassuring tick. Then she remembered. Last night, when she had been about to wind the watch, her mother had called her, and afterwards she had forgotten to wind it. Now, this was the result!

"Oh, well," she told herself philosophically, "it makes no real difference. Even were the watch running, that wouldn't make me travel any faster."

No, of course not. For she was doing her best, she knew. Her face and body were wet with perspiration. But her wind was still good and her breathing easy.

Now, however, it began to snow. At first lightly, then came an ever-increasing volume of flakes. A rising wind blew the snow across the ski track ahead, in places obliterating it.

Those were bad moments for the girl skier. She was beginning to tire, and now Nature herself seemed to be warring against her. She experienced a period of discouragement.

Yet her heart was still stout, and she would not give in. Twice she did lose the trail, and once for agonized minutes she failed to recover it; then, oh joy, with the aid of her little flashlight she re-discovered it!

And then, as if ashamed of its ungallant behavior, the storm ceased. Elsie breathed a sigh of relief, and hurried on.

She now was nearing The Pass. Only one more hill to descend, then a level stretch to cross, then the climb up the mountain slope to the gap's entrance. And then, a swift glide into the valley!

At the crest of the hill, Elsie stopped. Some of the new-fallen soft snow was sticking to the bottom of her skis, retarding progress. She unsnapped the harnesses and took off the skis. She stood one against a convenient tree, then held up the other vertically and brushed off the clinging snow. Then, she leaned the snow-cleared ski against the tree and repeated the process with the other one.

She was just finishing her work when an accident occurred. The ski leaning against the tree slipped, fell, and scooted down the hill. Hearing it fall, Elsie grabbed at it frantically, dropping the ski she held in her excitement. It, too, sped merrily away. Both skis, once under way, gained swift momentum, and gliding away from their fair owner, disappeared in the moonlit darkness.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Elsie disgustedly. "Now I am in a fix!"

YES, indeed she was. She must follow the runaway skis to the bottom of the long slope—a distance of more than half a mile. And, as soon as she started to walk down the hill, she immediately found herself in difficulties. For the crust, although strong enough to hold up a skier or snowshoer, would not bear up the concentrated weight of a person on foot. At almost her first step Elsie broke through, plunging well above her knees in the soft snow beneath the crust.

Space would not permit a full record of Elsie's luckless experiences during the next half hour. Progress down the hill was terribly hard, and when finally she reached the bottom she was breathless from her exertions.

Afterwards, more precious time was consumed in wallowing about in search of the elusive skis, which had slid a considerable distance farther. As each had taken a widely separated route of descent, that added to the difficulty of the task of locating and reassembling them. For this, the trusty little flashlight again played a stellar part. Through its aid, Elsie finally managed to recapture the lost skis. Putting them on, she tried to make up for lost time.

But by now she was really very tired, every bone in her body seeming to ache in sympathy. It was a weary, dispirited girl who toiled up the last ascent and stood at the mouth of The Pass gazing down into the valley.

* * *

FROM below in Green Valley gleamed the cheerful glow of lighted lamps That sight somewhat revived Elsie's drooping spirits. Perhaps she would not be too late, after all.

Her heart throbbing a prayer that she would not be, she gave herself a hard downward push and went speeding down through the gap. Down, down, down she sped, finally coming to a halt not far from the Macnaughton place. A door of the cabin was open. In the doorway, leaning on an improvised crutch, stood Dan. At the sight of the girl he uttered a welcoming shout.

Elsie removed the encumbering skis and darted forward.

"Dan!" she gasped. "What time is it? My watch stopped. Am I too late?"

Dan's face was anxious.

"I'm not sure," he answered. "It's five past nine, but maybe our time's a little fast. Have you got the tube?"

"Oh yes." Hastily, Elsie produced it from her haversack. "I had an awful time getting it, though—but we can't talk of that now. Here, let me get to that radio!"

The radio had been placed in the next room, where Jimmy lay on his little bed, with his mother, sister and

(Please turn to Page 13.)

The Chums Mail Bag

DEAR CHUMS,—

Be sure to mail your Valentines at the same time you mail your contest entry,of February 22, then both will arrive on time. For St. Valentines Day just happens to be the day before our contest closes February 15th. If any one has not yet written a letter on "How to Keep Fit to Serve Canada" and wants to write one, now is their last chance.

The prize winners in this contest will be announced in the Messenger of February 22nd.

I hope every chum will have a happy time on St. Valentines Day. Nearly every school has a party of some sort. May every one who is "in on" a Valentine Party make his or her best contribution to the fun and have a grand time. Some times the most fun comes out of giving somebody else a good time—that's something to remember.

Valentine Greetings to you all,

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

* * *

To Margaret Weldon From Ella Riebel

Dear Margaret:—We had better keep our correspondence up, so here goes for a letter. I hope you had a Merry Christmas, and that the New Year will bring you lots of happiness. I wonder what kind of weather you've been having in your part of the world. It rained all last week here and snowed this week. Did you have a S.S. concert at your Church? We had. I did not take part in many things. One was the singing, another a little dialogue.

Do many attend your Church? There are 21 in ours. Well write to me soon. Good-bye:—Ella Riebel, Ont.

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums:—Here I am entering into your contest on "How to Keep Fit to Serve Canada." The first thing that strikes me is the word "Fit", then "How are We to *Keep* Fit", then "Serving Canada."

To be fit means, to me, "to have the proper qualities so we can be useful and ready for duty."

How are we to get fit and keep fit? We must obey the health rules,.

We must stay away from alcoholic beverages and tobacco. A man who smokes and drinks may be averegely healthy and manage to hold down his job. But he is keeping himself open to the risk of spoiling his health and of losing his job through the carelessness and inefficiency that drinking is apt to cause.

You couldn't call him very "fit" could you?

On the other hand take a man who neither drinks nor smokes, who gets some outdoor exercise, eats properly and follows the rest of the health rules. He is in A1 condition. He can give his best to his job and if he has to work overtime for war purposes or has to take military training besides his work he will not break under the strain. He "can take it". He is fit to serve his country every way. If he goes into the army he will make a fine soldier. At home he is a good worker. Now can we not see why fitness is important and worthwhile? Girls must keep fit too. In serving Canada we can give plenty of help. We can do knitting and sewing for the soldiers. We can also knit and sew things for the homeless children in England. Some of us have yarn left over from sweaters or things we have made for ourselves. Perhaps we have enough to make a small pair of gloves or mittens that would keep a little child's hands warm.

We can also piece quilts to be given to the Red Cross. Those of us who can sew well, can perhaps re-cut or make over clothes for those children whose people have lost everything.

I think that every Canadian girl who does her bit in this way is serving her country. And we too must remember that if we are going to do extra work we must take extra care of our health. We must dress sensibly, eat sensibly and get plenty of fresh air and sleep. I think we all want to do the most we can to help Canada. Your Chum,—Thelma Shaw, Ont.

This Week's Star Correspondent

THELMA SHAW

ANSWERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE READING

1. A thing that will "cause one to stumble."
2. St. Luke 17:2.
3. St. Luke 17:3, 4.
4. That forgiveness should be unlimited.
5. Ten lepers.
6. That He should have pity on them and heal them.
7. Because the priest was the "health officer."
8. One out of the ten.
9. "He was a Samaritan."
10. Eph. 4:32.

VALENTINE HASH

(Continued from Page 12.)

"BUT you are so beautiful," said the wee doggie. "She must have liked you better than anything else."

"Like me? She scarcely even saw me. She thanked her uncle dutifully and opened the box. Then she said I was 'sweet.' Huh, what Valentine candy isn't sweet? Then she set me away, and I never saw another thing until four days later, when her nurse opened my box, and cried, 'Oh, what horrid red candy! Little Mistress must not eat this!' And she threw me into the trash."—"You," cried the wee left-over doggie, hardly able to believe his two peppermint ears.

"Yes, me," answered the fat boy. "And there I've been, among old papers in the basement, until today I was carried away by that boy who is the cook's son, and who didn't know I was in the bunch of old papers he had been given to sell."

"Oh, I'm sorry," said the wee left-over doggie sadly.

"Oh, if only I could be eaten, as candy Valentine boys were meant to be," sobbed the fat boy, candy tears in his eyes.

"Maybe you can," exclaimed the left-over doggie, excitedly. " I know my little mistress would love you. Many times I am sure she has wanted to eat me, only she hasn't any other playthings. Leave the lid off your box. Hush! Here she comes!"

I wish you could have seen how excited Miriam was when she found the fat boy there. But did she eat him? Well, I should say she did not! In the first place, she wasn't sure just how clean he was. And then he was a grand toy. "But he won't ever be one-half so dear to me as you are," she whispered in the left-over doggie's ear, as she tucked him, box and all, under her pillow that night. "He just never could compare at all with you."

And so they all had a happy home forever after.—Child Life.

The Favorite of King Philip

The Spanish painter, Velazquez, who lived at Court and painted portraits of the King of Spain and Prince Balthazar.

By JULIA GRAYDON

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THE year 1598 saw the end of a long war between France and Spain and one year later, in 1599, there was born in Seville a child who was to become "one of the mightiest painters the world has known," and he has a long name, Diego Rodriguer de Silva. His father's name was Juan Rodriguer de Silva and his mother's name was Geronima Velazquez and the son was called by her name, according to the custom of Andalusia.

Velaquez's father was a lawyer and a great student, and the little Velazquez studied philosophy and the languages when he was quite young, going later to the studio of a painter named Herrera where he learned among other things to handle the long paint brush, with which he used to enjoy painting the common things like birds, fish and fruit. Velazquez's parents were rich and had slaves to wait on them, and they did not want their son to go away from home for he was so gentle, frank and generous in spirit that they loved him very much. But finally they yielded to his desire to study under the painter Pucheco whose daughter he afterwards married.

Velazquez knew and loved the little peasant boys of his own age and he would invite them to go off on walks; then he would sketch them and they loved to see themselves on paper. Later on we see these same boys in his paintings, as "Water Carrier of Seville," "Beggar Boy Laughing" and others.

Madrid, once called Alcazar, had just been made the capital of Spain and all the wonderful paintings and sculpture were collected there. So one day Velazquez said to his slave boy, "Pareja, do you want to go to Madrid with me?" And the dark-eyed slave said "Yes, master." So they travelled on their mules to the great city and Velazquez was charmed with all he saw.

He showed the people some of his pictures and one day the King saw one of them and he was delighted with it. Now, the King was a writer and also a painter and he took a great fancy to Velazquez and asked him to come and live at the Court and paint portraits. So a little later Velazquez, who had married, took his wife and children and went to live with the King. He stayed at Court a long time and painted the King's portrait many times, and if you have seen a copy of any of these portraits you will remember the long, thin face of King Philip of Spain.

* * *

ONE day the Dutch painter, Rubens, came to Madrid and persuaded Velazquez to go with him to Italy. He accepted this invitation and went to Rome where he painted the Pope, who was so pleased that he gave him a gold chain. It was during his visit to Italy that he painted two celebrated pictures, "Forge of Vulcan" and "Joseph's Coat."

The King of Spain missed him, however, and sent for him to come back and paint the portrait of his baby boy Balthazar, heir to the throne. You may have seen a copy of his picture, showing little Balthazar sitting on his pony. He is wearing a green velvet jacket, gold and red scarf about his shoulders, broad lace collar and a black hat with a feather. Poor Balthazar died when he was only seventeen years old from smallpox.

One day when the King was in Velazquez's studio he recognized an admiral whom he had ordered to sea, and he exclaimed, "What! Still here?" There was no answer and he found he had been speaking to Velazquez's portrait of the admiral No wonder Velazquez was called "A realist of realists."

Velazquez also painted Aesop who wrote the wonderful fables.

Some years later Velazquez went again to Italy as agent of the King to collect works of art for him. Upon his return he was appointed Administrator-Major, at a salary of 3,000 ducats a year, and he carried a key at his girdle which would open every lock in the palace, an indication of the wonderful faith the King had in the artist.

* * *

VELAZQUEZ'S great religious painting is "Christ on the Cross." "The Saviour's head hangs on His breast and a mass of dark, tangled hair conceals part of the face. The background is a black hopeless sky." The artist's last great picture is "Las Meninas" or "Maids of Honor." We see the royal family with the artist himself, the maids of honor, dwarfs and a sleeping hound. When the King saw it, he said "Only one thing wanting" and then he painted the Cross of Santiago upon the breast of the artist with his own hand thus creatng him Knight of this high Spanish order.

Velazquez's last public duty was officiating at a cermonial meeting of the Courts of France and Spain, on the Isle of Pheasants, when Louis XIV received Maria Teresa for his wife, thus celebrating the treaty of peace between the two countries. He took ill shortly after this and died on the sixth of August, 1660. His wife died eight days later, and they were buried in one grave in the Church of San Juan. A statue of him was erected upon the Plaza at Madrid in 1899. Among the good traits of the great artist were his strength of will and power to conciliate.

A Boy and the Roman Empire

TWO years ago a boy found a treasure hid in a field. Wandering near his home at Atworth in Wiltshire, England, he came upon an old coin. He picked it up and took it to the village schoolmaster, and when the coin had been examined by experts, it was declared to belong to the days of the Roman Emperor Constantine the First.

No one knew how it had come to be where it had been found. No one had ever heard a whisper of Roman remains thereabouts or had seen fragments of a Roman building. But antiquarians who examined the site soon found traces of a house; and now, after considerable investigation, they have brought to light a Roman house of exceptional interest.

It seems that the walls of this villa, in which a Roman of great wealth and considerable importance must have lived, were only about six inches below the surface of the field. So far about twenty-four rooms have been uncovered.

It is possible that the house was sacked and perhaps partly burnt by the Picts and Scots, and other invaders who followed the Romans.—La Favilia.

Honest Johnny

AT the children's hospital, Johnny was the terror of the ward. He was always in trouble. One day a weekly visitor, who knew his character, said to him:

"Johnny, if you are good for a week, I'll give you ten cents when I come again."

A week later she stood before Johnny's bed again.

"Well," she said, "I'm not going to ask the nurses if you've behaved. You must tell me yourself. Do you deserve the ten cents?"

There was a moment's silence. Then from among the sheets a small voice said:

"Gimme a cent."

Valentine Hash

THE candy man laid the last of the Valentine candies on the board to harden, and breathed a sigh of relief as he put things away for the night.

"Say, everybody," said the fat candy boy, when they were alone. He had a red and white peppermint striped muffler, and fat red cheeks, and he held a big red heart in his hand.

"Say," he repeated, "do you all know that it is only two more days till the Big Day?"

"Yes, only two more days," the murmur went around, as they all fluttered their red candy hearts expectantly at the thought of the pleasures to come.

"We go into the showcase tomorrow," continued the fat candy boy. "Of course, I shall be sold right away. I shall go to some rich little girl who has beautiful toys, and a grand big house, and silk dresses and maids. No doubt she will give me some French candies to be my servants."

"Oh, dear, I wonder who will get me," sighed the little old-fashioned candy lady in the hoopskirts and she blushed a pretty Valentine pink.

"She will like me better than any toy she has ever had I am sure," went on the fat boy, paying no attention.

Over in a corner a wee doggie with a stubby tail looked at him, admiringly "I suppose she will," he thought wistfully. "He is such a handsome fat boy!"

* * *

HE was made of the left-over candies the wee doggie was. He had a pink gumdrop nose, and white peppermint ears, and black licorice eyes. He had a white nougat body, and on his ears, and his stub of a tail, and his fat little body, he was spotted with sweetened chocolate.

But best of all he had a beautiful red fondant heart, right inside where it showed! He knew he was a wee left-over doggie, but he didn't mind that, so long as he had been given such a beautiful heart.

Oh, how he did hope someone would get him who would love him!

Sure enough, next day they were all laid carefully in the big glass case. How the fat boy did puff out his chest and strut! How the little old fashioned lady did blush and fan! And how the wee left-over doggie did beam from very happiness!

And then two men came in and were looking at them. Just didn't their candy hearts beat?

"Give me something you think appropriate for my little niece. She is nine years old," said the fat prosperous looking one to the pretty clerk.

"Here is just the thing," said the girl. "Two dollars," and she wrapped up the bulky big fat boy, nearly a foot long.

"Oh, he will have everything he wished for," said the wee left-over doggie to himself, as the man carried the fat boy away.

"I want just some cheap little piece —something funny, perhaps. How much for the dog?" asked the other man.

"I'll take him please," said the man and waited.

Oh, how the wee doggie's grandest red heart did pound! It was a wonder they didn't notice.

His little black licorice eyes just twinkled and danced, shut away in the little box. Twice during the day the man opened the box and looked at him. Once he had spoken to him.

"Why, you queer little fellow! You look almost human," he said. "You're left-overs, eh? Well, I guess we'd better call you Hash." And the wee doggie giggled to himself after the lid was back on the box.

* * *

THAT evening when the man went home he carried Hash to his pretty little daughter, Miriam, who was seven years old, and rather lonely.

"Oh, daddy," she cried, as he bounced her up for her come-home kiss. "Daddy he is the loveliest doggie ever. But I can't eat him. He's too real."

And so the wee left-over doggie came to be the fondest possesion of Miriam in her little home where she and Daddy and Hash kept house happily.

Then one afternoon, as they hung on the gate and waited for Daddy to come, a boy trundled down the walk on his bicycle, with a load of papers on the carrier. A stack of them blew off the top, as he passed the gate. He looked back, frowned a little, and then rode on.

Soon after Miriam went inside to get her sweater and the wee doggie sat just where she had left him—upright in his box on the bottom board of the old wooden gate.

"Little Doggie! Little Doggie," called a voice, and Hash looked around, startled to see the bulky fat candy boy lying right out there among those papers!

Oh, dear, Oh, dear! Whatever could have happened. "Tell me, quick, before my mistress comes back!" he told the fat boy.

"Well you see the man who bought me gave me to his little niece. She owned so many things. Goodness me! I wish you could see one-half of them. And she had boxes and boxes of candy for Valentine's Day."

(Please turn to Page 10.)

Northern Messenger

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Keep your WITS WORKING

HIDDEN VEGETABLES

1. Did the pup eat his dinner?
2. This is the bee that stung.
3. At every turn I played well.
4. The car rotted very quickly.
5. To be an expert means work.
6. You should write to Ma too.
7. Did she spot at once?
8. The distance from arrow to arrow is two feet.
9. Did you see Mac or not?
10. Was the camel long on the road?

"SEVEN AGES"

SHAKESPEARE spoke about the "Seven Ages of Man." Here are seven other ages. What are they?

1. The age in which we could live.
2. The age which we could eat.
3. The age in which we should carry.
4. The age not as long as others.
5. The age that brings our letters.
6. The age leading from place to place.
7. The age of distance.

THE COP AND THE BEGGAR

A POLICEMAN came upon a blind beggar fiddling for coins in a park and ordered him to "move on."

Said the blind beggar to the cop:
"May I beg here, or must I stop?"
The policeman a single word did say,
Which plainly told him, "Get away!"
The beggar, he was wise, you see;
He simply dropped the letter "E,"
And got permission to keep right on,
And so he did when the cop was gone.

Now what did the policeman say to the blind beggar?

NUMERICAL GAME

TWELVE plain, white cards are needed. Half of them are divided into 1-in. squares, and each square has a number printed in it. These numbered cards are placed on the table and the blank ones are given to one of the players.

This player is either blindfolded or places his hand over his eyes. He then tries to place the cards he holds as nearly as possible over the cards on the table.

When all the cards are placed, his score is added up. All those numbers that are covered up by the cards he laid down are added to the score.

All the players repeat this performance, and the player with the highest score is the winner at the game.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

Riddles—1. A comb. 2. A potato. 3. Because it saw the kitchen sink. 4. The hands of a clock. 5. The outside.

Hidden Birds—1. Condor. 2. Stork. 3. Crane. 4. Thrush. 5. Wren. 6. Grouse. 7. Heron. 8. Linnet. 9. Albatross.—Our Dumb Animals.

What Men!—1. Manacle. 2. Mandolin. 3. Mangrove. 4. Mansion. 5. Manuscript. 6. Mantilla; 7 Manitoba. 8. Isle of Man

MESSAGE TO GREEN VALLEY

(Continued from Page 9.)

the Camerons gathered around him. Near him were numerous gifts, but none of these seemed greatly to interest him. His thoughts, sad and troubled, were far across the water. Never before, even when his father had been working winters at the lumber camp, had a birthday passed without his having seen him. Now, the sense of loss seemed unbearable.

It took very little time to instal the new tube. In a matter of seconds, it was in place.

Elsie turned the switch button. She waited for the machine to warm up.

The first sound from the radio told that the program was already in progress. That first sound was a recorded burst of a bomb—a sound that almost blasted Elsie's hopes. It was followed by recordings of anti-aircraft fire.

And then—after an agonizing pause—came the BBC announcement:

* * *

"AND now, Canada, you will next hear from an officer of the XX Anti-tank Unit. That very popular and distinguished officer, Captain Robert Macnaughton, has a message for his family back in Green Valley, Quebec. A special greeting, I understand, to the youngest member of his family, Jimmy, who is eight today."

No longer listless, Jimmy was sitting bolt upright, staring at the loud speaker. From it sounded a well-remembered voice.

"Hello, Jimmy!" said the captain cheerily. "Happy birthday, son! Sorry I can't be with you as usual—but you know there's a job to do over here. When it's over I'll be seeing you, youngster. Meanwhile, I'm trusting you to be brave and carry on for the Empire. My best love to your mother, Dan and Janet, too—also regards to the Camerons. Cheerio!"

Captain Macnaughton's voice ceased. Jimmy was smiling happily. He had been worrying about that gallant father, wondering if he had fallen victim to a Hun bomb. Now, he knew that his dad was all right. What a relief!

* * *

Again, there was a poignant pause, then came another announcement—one that thrilled through Elsie like an electric shock:

"Well, that was Captain Macnaughton. We hope you received his message all right, Jimmy. Happy birthday indeed! And now, we are to have a song from a young naval officer who is a friend of the captain and is visiting him while on leave. Lieutenant Clifford Hastings will sing that unforgettable song: 'There'll Always Be An England!'"

Elsie stared incredulously at the instrument. Was this actually happening to her? Was it just a dream?

But there was nothing nebulous or dreamlike about that manly, clear young voice from across the water:

"And I'm singing it especially for my best girl, Elsie Cameron, back there in Green Valley. Are you listening, Elsie?"

Listening? Elsie was listening with all her ears and heart—listening as if life itself depended upon her catching every word, every cadence of sound. Unconsciously, her arms went out in an involuntary gesture, as though to close about the singer.

* * *

STRONGLY and melodiously sounded that grand, heart-searching song of Empire. Ending at last in the stirring climax which will send a thrill of pride and devotion to the heart of every Briton as long as this old planet endures—

"There'll always be an England, and
England shall be free
If England means as much to you as
England means to me!"

As the song ended, tears were flowing down Elsie's cheeks. But behind that mist of tears, her eyes were blue stars of shining happiness.

For, with her lover's voice, all the burden of weariness had slipped from her young shoulders. It had been a trying day—a day of toil, anxiety and near heartbreak. A day of difficulty and strenuous effort—with the only expected reward the happiness of a little child.

And now—like a gift from a fairy god-mother—had come this! What a wonderfully worthwhile day it had proved, after all!

Mothers — The Lunch Box!

By LOIE BRANDOM

IF you are one of the mothers faced day after day with the necessity of preparing nourishing, appetizing lunches whch have to be packed in boxes for several hours and then come forth tantalizingly tempting in appearance, then you are a worthy Lunch Box Mother, and we welcome you to our council circle.

Although I have prepared and packed food for many different classes of people, for various occasions, workmen, farm hands, Boy Scouts, picnic parties, church basket-dinners, campfire affairs, fishermen, travellers and sportsmen, it is only of the lunches of school-age children that we shall speak now.

We shall not even discuss the lunch box itself, for there is such a variety of sanitary, convenient, lightweight containers on the market that we take it for granted that matter has already been attended to properly.

Never leave the lunch problem until the last minute because, as a rule, everything except the sandwiches may be prepared beforehand. As soon as the children come from school the lunch containers should be thoroughly cleaned and aired, then a regular system may be followed in the morning when the time arrives for packing the lunches. Reline the container with fresh white paper and wrap each article of food separately in waxed paper, placing those to be eaten last in the bottom of the lunch box.

Pack articles tightly enough so they will not be shaken about, using paper napkins to fill up spaces if necessary. Liquid or semi-liquid foods should be carried in tightly sealed jars or thermos bottles.

Sandwiches form the mainstay of the luncheon menu but can be prepared in an almost limitless variety. Be careful not to cut the bread too thick, however. Cutting the sandwiches into different shapes also adds to the appearance of the lunch and tempts the child's appetite. The bread for sandwiches—preferably whole wheat, brown bread or rye—may very easily and quickly be cut into squares, diamonds or triangles, and fancy cookie cutters may be used to obtain almost any shape desired. Nuts, lettuce, dates, figs, boiled eggs, peanut butter, diced chicken, boiled ham, dried beef, cream cheese or cottage cheese with chopped pickles and mayonnaise, baked beans and any of the prepared meats for sandwiches are nice for fillers.

Two sandwiches are usually desired, one of meat, nuts or cheese combinations and the other a sweet sandwich with filling of jelly, jam, dates, figs or a fruit marmalade.

Celery, radishes or raw carrots should have their place in the lunch box along with fruits—fresh, dried or canned.

Custards, raisin pudding, blancmange and gelatin desserts are usually enjoyed and should be used often. These may be molded in different shapes, or tinted some pretty color with pure fruit juice coloring and turned into half-pint glass jars with lids that screw on tightly.

Of course milk should be included. If a thermos bottle is not a part of the lunch box equipment, milk may be carried very nicely in an ordinary bottle if the cork is pushed down tightly and sealed by dipping the neck of the bottle and cork in melted paraffin.

The things that appeal to a child's eyes are generally eaten and any change in coloring, shape or arrangement of the food that adds to its attractiveness is well worth the extra effort.

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association 8 West 40th St. New York City, U.S.A.)

MENUS FOR TWO

MANY a bride or business woman who prepares the evening meal after a day's work, has the problem of planning attractive, economical meals for two. There are all sorts of special problems involved in small-quantity cookery. A roast for Sunday dinner is discouraging as it means there will be left-over meat for three, four or five different meals. Cabbage heads do not always come in the correct size for two servings. Even a bunch of carrots or beets may sometimes be too large.

For Sunday's roast, buy several lamb, pork or veal chops, whichever is preferred, left in one piece. Or buy half a ham. Of this use one thick slice for baking and cut off several others for broiling. The butcher will hold the rest for you until you are ready for it.

Vegetables can be changed on their second appearance on the table if they are served with some kind of a sauce, such as cream sauce, cheese sauce or hollandaise. If heads of cabbage and cauliflower, or even a bunch of carrots or beets are too large, these vegetables may be used as hot vegetables one day and as a salad the next.

SLICED ORANGES

Use as a garnish for baked ham or roast meat. Select small oranges, stick with cloves and boil in a heavy syrup made from equal parts sugar and water. Cook until the skin is very tender, then remove the oranges from the syrup and drain. Cut in halves crosswise and arrange around baked or roast meat.

For roast lamb, use small molds of mint jelly, squeeze orange over the jelly and sprinkle with finely chopped fresh mint. The flavor is delightful.

An ordinary grater makes scaling fish an easy task. If the fish is dipped in hot water for a moment it makes it much easier and quicker, too.

Preventing Fire

EVERY parent should realize that it is his duty to teach his children the priciples of fire prevention. They should not be allowed to play with fire, matches should be kept out of their reach and the playing with celluloid toys should be discouraged. By a strict adherence to the use of common sense, parents can thus save themselves the bitter anguish and life-long regret which must be ever present when a child perishes by their neglect.

Northern Messenger

CANALIZATION OF THE ST. LAWRENCE

WE do not undertake in these columns any detailed discussion of such very complex questions as the upper St. Lawrence seaway and power development. But with regard to all such propositions and the problems that they entail we ask ourselves first: *Is it in the interest of the people as a whole?* If so, some way must be found to bring it about. If it is in the interest of a selfish individual, corporation or section of the country, at the expense of the people as a whole, then some way must be found to block it.

The canalization of the St. Lawrence is an international question, and should be considered, pro and con, in the interest of the North American continent. The St. Lawrence and the Mississippi rivers are this continent's God-given natural arteries.

We rather suspect that the objection to it arises as far as Canada is concerned chiefly from power corporations and port interests in the province of Quebec. As far as the opposition in the United States is concerned it seems to arise to a certain extent from steam and other power plants in the Eastern states which would not like further competition from the tremendous additional power that would be developed along the shores of the St. Lawrence. Then, too, some areas now dry land would be under water. Incidentally it is to be hoped that the good soil of such areas might be saved to spread over farms with poor soil. The good earth is a sacred trust.

But a rather noisy opposition to the sea-way from the Great Lake ports comes from the Ogdensburg Canal, and a still louder opposition comes from the Atlantic and deep-sea ports—New York and Boston, Portland, Montreal and Quebec. Much of the traffic that is handled by these ports would be loaded in ocean freighters at Toronto, Buffalo, Cleveland, Windsor, Detroit, Chicago, Port Arthur, Fort William and Duluth. Indeed much of the traffic that goes down the Mississippi to load at New Orleans would come northward to load in ocean bottoms at Chicago, thus saving thousands of miles between North America and Britain and Northern Europe.

It is easily seen from such considerations that it is a continental question, and it is only short-sighted selfishness that would weigh it in the light of selfish interests, personal or sectional.

The greater good of the greater number at long last is the greater good of all. But that is not to say that those who might suffer direct personal loss from any adventure in the general interest might not have just claim for a measure of compensation which the majority interest should be willing to meet, possibly in the form of long-term low-interest bonds. Even the cities that would gain might be taxed to compensate those cities that lose by the re-routing of the traffic. Though the changing property values of sections in a city are accepted as luck or ill-luck as the case may be. In the long run, ports and transport systems and shippers, as well as individuals, would learn how to accommodate themselves more or less advantageously to any changed directions of traffic in the common good. The big fast express ships would not go up the canal. They would still use the ports they could reach at full speed.

Man drew boundaries between the northerly and southerly parts of this continent. But it was the Creator of the World who made the mighty St. Lawrence. What would be His Will regarding its service to humanity?

"I PLEDGE"

THE pledge that every soldier, sailor, airman must make should shame any who hesitate even to pledge themselves to make a little investment for the sake of their country and their own good. People who think to carry on, in this time of the world's greatest crisis, just as they did before the war must be clams. But cheerio! *Intelligent* people are all doing something. Yet more is needed; and it will come with growing intelligence.

The government and high command of the forces of Britain are expecting that a desperately furious and inhuman attack will be made on Britain before long, not later than its early Spring. This expectation is held also by the United States experts whose channels of information are, under the circumstances, more in touch with what is going on in Germany.

The British people and forces are nerving themselves against such an attack which, all realize, will be the most terrible the world has ever known —unless in the meantime some miracle happens to prevent Hitler from making it. There is always the possibility of internal upheaval, for millions under Nazi rule are suffering almost unbearably. But internal troubles are not expected so soon. Certainly we can't count on such distractions. What we can count on is only what each one of us can do—not what the other fellow can and will do.

Our Government has asked us to make February the month for our personal decision plan. What we can spare, what we can save, we can turn to best account by sending it to the war chest.

With strong faith in God and in His plan for the world let us invest in War Certificates NOW and pledge our further help. Every little swells the war chest. Let us do it voluntarily now and so prevent Germany from seizing it later. *N - O - W !*

* * *

Like Siamese twins, Faith and Sacrifice live by each other. Let our faith in the victory of Rightness be not so cheap that we will make but small sacrifice to bring about that Victory. No sacrifice today, no honorable share in the victory when it comes. According to your faith—as vindicated by sacrifice—be it unto you.

LINDBERGH, THE EAGLE—First Class.

LINDBERGH, THE PROFESSOR OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS, nothing but a quack.

Further discussion of his pronouncements would be a waste of our valuable space.

THE LATE DR. SKELTON

CANADA lost a man of many gifts in the sudden calling away of Dr. Oscar Douglas Skelton, Under Secretary of State for External Affairs.

Dr. Skelton, a man of wide knowledge, great ability and high principle gave himself unstintingly in the service of his country while he lived. His death may well be regarded as a "war casualty."

Dr. Skelton was a sincere friend of the Witness,—Daily and Weekly,—and of World Wide, senior papers of this publishing house, and regretted the loss of those papers and of their influence on the public life and the home life of Canada.

He will be remembered by all who knew him as a good man, a man of great charm, and a sincere patriot.

"There is no man whom fortune does not visit once in his life; but when she does not find him ready to receive her, she walks in at the door and flies out at the window."

I Pledge

"I realise that Canada now calls on me . . . to join in a great National Savings Plan . . . necessary to win the war and vital to my own safety.

—that the gallant men of the Army, Navy and Air Force . . . now on the fighting front . . . need me on the financial front. They need munitions, material and equipment . . . and only by my money which represents the production of war materials can this support be secured. They are my protectors. They call on me to be their provider.

—that this will require hard work and many dollars.

—that only by hard work and frugal living . . . by LENDING all I can to Canada . . . can I do my part to help to win the war and establish our future security.

I Pledge— that I will forego the purchase of unnecessary articles . . . however small the cost . . . no matter how well I am able to pay for them . . . which take labour and materials away from the great task of providing goods needed to win the war.

—that NOW . . . starting this month . . . I will put a definite part of my income aside in War Savings Certificates. I will have it deducted regularly . . . each week . . . each month . . . either from my pay envelope or from my savings account, by arrangement with my employer or my bank manager."

(Signed by)

Every Loyal Citizen of Canada

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February is . .

WAR SAVINGS PLEDGE MONTH